

# OXFORD

# Democrat.

NO. 21, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1848.

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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Gifford,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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in advance.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING  
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

## POETRY.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

BY DUGANNE.

Tell me ye who long have drede'd

All the maze of the heart.—

Are not life and death still w' med?—

Or the other each a part?

Once a gentle form before me—

Spread a light arm and my soul—

Holy eyes were bending o'er me,

Music on my spirit soothed,

Like a star that falls through heaven,

Once upon me alone a love—

For a moment only given.

Then recalled to life above.

Once my soul was fondly plighted

To a holy one of earth—

Like two maid mates united,

Notes that sever in their birth,

Yet not severed we, though parted,

Still in truth our souls are one,

Though on earth the gentle-hearted

Hath her blessed mission done.

With the chain that formed our union,

Still in truth our souls are wed—

Even now in sweet communion,

I am drawn towards the dead.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper,

When the prayer of love succeeds,

Then a sweet, responsive whisper.

With my voiceless musings blend.

Tell me, then, ye spirit seeing,

Is not life of a death a part?

Is not love the chain of being?

Of the dead and living heart?

## TEARS STORY FINNISH.

From the *Model American* Comes

### LOVE OR MONEY.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

#### CHAPTER I.

The last pile of gold was raised in by the emporier, and General Bore-forest rose from the gaming table. It was already morning, and the gray light fell heavily upon his worn face, mudding the careless smile which he had summoned forth to veil the consciousness of his ruin.

"Well, gentlemen, we have the pleasure for one of seeing the sun rise, and an opportunity for enjoying an early morning walk. No more play till to-night. I suppose. Well, I am content, though it would have been more fortunate for us all had I left you at three o'clock. I have lost only heavily for the last two hours. At two o'clock.

He left them with a graceful smile. "Rather heavily," whispered one of the emporier's wife, "why, it would have been an enormous drain on his fortune as it was six thousand dollars. The love had him in hand for the last time—Did you not see 'yo, deeply he raised the whole night? That's a bad sign. I am sure that the last of the drain will be early with, indeed. Is it not a heavy, melancholy load for a man?"

"No, far better than my own sweet child," he replied, smilingly.

"Or happier than my kind father, I trust. But I fear that you are not so pale, worn, and so you have looked for some time past. Will you not tell me your care? Perhaps I can assist at least. I will try to cheer you."

"Ah, Emily, is there nothing worthy of

care in a father, when his only child has

reached the age of independence, indeed?

I am without a sixpence, wholly dependent on a child! Now, I might make my own choice. Either quit London at once, and

ruralize with her for the rest of my life.

Or, he is about to surrender her child to

life upon her money, or try my luck with it once more. Probably I should fall again against those unaccomplished scoundrels, but I might

win, and then she would be none the wiser, both of us all the happier for it."

As he walked along, slowly tempesting himself in this manner, a young man passing by saluted him. This simple thing set

his mind.

"And if I do not relinquish this money,

it will speedily pass to him, and I, who

could scarcely bear to live under my own law

daughter, would be forced to look for a miserable existence to her husband, a stranger we know the whole."

No, no. If four thousand pounds can save me, I will be what I was a year ago. Em

ily, weak, tender girl, can refuse me nothing. One more trial, and the brave man

at fortune."

The youth, whose sudden appearance had

hurried on this determination, looked up at

the building which General Bore-forest had

just left, and shook his head sadly, but would

not recognize the utterance of thoughts that

framed themselves distinctly within him

without the need of words.

your unhappiness—tell me more; let me know; let its loss, and not solely because the fraud in blood and a man no better than myself."

He paused, and seemed to waver between struggling emotions. At last he raised his eyes—they fell abashed; but he again fixed them on her anxious face with steady determination, and coolly proceeded, though his voice artfully trembled with assumed

your unhappiness—tell me more; let me know; let its loss, and not solely because the fraud in blood and a man no better than myself."

He was a better man for his thoughts. Nothing now remained but to devote himself to his profession, and a daily life regard to high principles in its practice.

This he did.

In three short years he became a leading member of the bar. Within this time, Emily Bore-forest, reduced to poverty by the

surrender of her legacy and her father's su

icide when he had lost the last prospect of

success, was forced by necessity to accept

the offer of marriage which her beauty

drew from a wealthy sexagenarian. He

died soon after their union, and left her as

free in heart as before.

CHAPTER II.

There has been another cause, and it is in your power to remove it. For some time past, I have lost heavily—enormously, by speculating in the funds—matters which I now know too well. Unless I can raise a large sum speedily, I am ruined, for there is nothing in my possession which is con-

vertible into money, except—your legacy,

which I may not be able to save myself,

but the chances are at least equal in my fa

vorite, but this is of little matter.

Dear old father, I give all to you. Only send

the one to whom she owed her being.

There was some weakness in her character,

though most of it was apparent and tempo

rary, for she had always depended upon

others, and had never yet stood firmly by

herself.

She was called beautiful, though one

would have been puzzled to mesh out dis

tinctly her style of loveliness. It was not

stately nor soft—it was neither majestic

nor tender, but a rare commanding of the

two, each losing its own individuality, yet

retaining enough of its peculiar charms to

harmonize finely with the other. Her par

ted lips spoke of softness, her large, glori

ous eyes, of a noble spirit, but their long,

tremulous lashes, that were wont to quiver

open her cheek, expressed some irred

ucible, and often would err for a mo

ment, as though she had been raised from

the dead. She was indeed a creature of

the moment, and yet she had a

peculiar charm.

A few hours from this conversation, Hen

ry Stanton met upon the steps of the B

ore-forest House, a lawyer with a bundle of

papers under his arm. Recollecting whom

he had seen in the morning near the gam

ing table. Then he was hurried again

from the flowers to seek his own room.

She could not remain with them any lon

ger—she was too beautiful and happy.

Neither could he. His spirit was touched

—touched; but before his eyes the gold

brightly shone upon the game

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This he did.

CHAPTER III.

in every possible light, so forcibly upon his memory, that Thorpe was enabled, with his

unperceived, and was trifling in comparison to contend with austerer and more

skillful minds.

It is needless to particularise further.

The trial was long and hotly contested, but

the right conquered. It might be difficult

to say whether the opposing parties were

more astounded or disgraced by their de

feat. Enough that they suffered both.

The result placed Emily Morton in pos

session of an ample fortune. True to his word,

Thorpe had mentioned no name, though she

knew that some had interfered, and vir

tually thrown success into her hands. Per

A COON POET ON TAYLORISM AND  
TAYLOR HARMONY.

Greiner, the whig poet, has worked his muse up to the sticking point, and in the journal of Saturday, he grinds out the following:

"Nine Taylors to make a single man  
We always used to muster;  
Take nine such Taylors as old Zack,  
And wouldn't he be a BUSTER?"

There is some poetry and much truth in the above. Gen. Taylor, by his nomination, busted the whig party into half a dozen factions. Nine more such Taylors would burst it into fragments so small that each particular coon would have a party of his own.

Again, the same poet of whiggery says—

"O, all ye poofing, dothing whigs,  
Who go about as mourners,

Come, wipe the tear drops from your eyes,  
Stop croaking in the corners."

That's right Mr. Poet, stop them. They have no right to stop at corners, even though they mourn whiggery dead and ready to be buried.

The next verse is both poetic and descriptive:

"Ah me, to hear those croakers croak,  
O, it is a sin so Moses!

They snuffle, they can't go old Zack,"

And then they wipe their noses."

If all who snuffle and cant go old Zack, perform the operation mentioned in the last line, handkerchiefs must be in demand. And washing dog cheap.

Flour for dough faced whiggery, and poetry for the desponding, is riz. Ohio Statesman.

WANTED.

A blood hound of the true Cuba breed, to hunt up the North Carolina whigs, and Illinois and Missouri and Indiana barnburners. He will not be allowed to "worry" them. N. B. None taken who has not been recommended by Taylor and employed by Van Buren. Preference given to an animal who has had some experience in "Buffalo" hunting.

Also, a copy of that letter which Abbot Lawrence has, showing that old Zack is a true blue whig. The postage must be paid.

Also, a good democratic plot for invading the moon against the recognized principles of international law. Proposals to be addressed to the President of the Republic of Sierras Madre.

Also a treatise on the "whig role," commonly known as "local causes," which has prevented the crop of whig victories of late years from coming up to the expectations of the cultivators. It is expected that the author will point out the best means of preventing the spread of the disease, for which great service he will receive one thousand dollars, to be paid in bills on the late United States Bank, or in coin skins, at his own option. If he would take continental money, it would prove his self-denying patriotism.

SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.

Gov. Jones of Tennessee, who lately made an address to the whigs of this city, it will be remembered, was very mealy mouthed on the subject of slavery. He got over that point as glibly as possible—intending to leave the impression that Gen. Taylor was favorable to the Wilmot proviso. At Albany he found himself in a close quarter, by queries put to him on this subject—which, finding he could not dodge, he lost his temper, and made an honest confession.

"Yes," said Governor Jones, "he is a slaveholder! and what of that, sir? he paid for his slaves, every one of them!" To another interrogation from the crowd, he replied—*"Thank God he (Gov. J.) was not ashamed to confess, here or elsewhere, that he was a slave holder, too: that as to the Wilmot proviso, if he had been in Congress, he would have opposed it with all his powers, and to the last," &c.* This drew from the crowd, before then in good humor, a pretty unanimous hiss. Gov. J. evidently lost his temper, as he became conscious of the repugnance of the auditory to his views; and Gen. C. so far forgot himself as to indulge in many hearty oaths, and to turn around and address a portion of the disturbers as "you vile curs!"

It is hard work to look one way and row another, in political matters—and these Taylorites will find it so. New Haven Register.

THE PRESIDENCY.

"The Presidential race is an amusing one, to say the least—this year a little more so than usual. Old Zack started first, and moved off with a strength and speed that put competition to the flush. It was clear that he would win by vast odds, and the only question was, who should be destined to be beaten by him. At length he was destined to confer the honor upon Lewis C., and he started off puffing and blowing like a storm at sea. At first every body laughed at him, both for his awkwardness and presuming tone; but while they were engaged in this healthful exercise, they discovered some signs of exhaustion in Old Zack, while Lewis C., having fairly got into line, showed unexpected mettle, and some even began to bet on him, though at considerable odds. Last and least, the old scone Matty, which every body supposed had been permanently put out to grass, having been run off the course in 1810, and spanned in 1811, reappeared on the ground, to the astonishment of all present! Some laughed, and some cried; while others said—Wait a bit—there's no knowing what an Ox may do."

And so the race goes on. The result will be known in due time"—[N. Y. Journal of Commerce].

The Journal is a Taylor paper, but tolerably honest. Old Zack showed "signs of exhaustion" before Lewis C. was put on the track. He has proved himself broken-winded, spanned, and knock-kneed, though free from the "Bott." His opponent may walk over the rest of the course. As for the Ox, he will be turned out to pasture on Kinderhook Cabbages for the remainder of his life—"Argus."

THE GREAT WEST.—A gentleman who has lately travelled extensively in the Southwestern States, stated at a public meeting the other day, that to his knowledge there was not a single bookstore in all the State of Arkansas.

DR. Z. TAYLOR'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS!

The Dayton Volunteer states that this is an easy and pleasant remedy for any unfortunate whig, who may happen to be afflicted by a genuine attachment to the old principles of his party:

THE SUGAR.

"I am a Whig, but not an ultra Whig."

THE PHYSIC.

"I will not be the exponent of the principles of any party, nor lend myself to party schemes!"

The advantage of this patent Pill is, that, it deceives the *partisan*, whilst it dispels every particle of old-fashioned whiggery from the system of those unfortunate sufferers, who have heretofore been reduced by the quack nostrums of such impostors as Dr. Clay and Dr. Webster.

PEYTON, SAUNDERS & CO.,  
Manufacturers.

Z. TAYLOR, Patentee.

IMPORTANT CERTIFICATES.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

I hereby certify that the extraordinary spontaneous combustion! Pills of Dr. Taylor, have in a few weeks, worked out of my blood all my former attachment for the Mexicans and my hatred of the American Army.

TOM CORWIN,  
New York.

I hereby certify that the wonderful Pills of the Cotton-planters of Louisiana, have relieved me of the horrible nightmare of *high terror*.

ABBOT LAWRENCE.

Additional certificates, attesting to the efficacy of these wonderful Pills, could undoubtedly be obtained in great abundance hereabouts. Could not our neighbor of the Journal, and our newly elected County Attorney, add their testimonial?

MILLARD FILLMORE,  
Whig candidate for Vice President.

Angela Age.

Even the Ar.

WHICH WILL YOU TAKE?

We presented yesterday certain "fixed facts" to show the SLAVE-MONGERING character of Gen. Taylor. These facts stand out boldly, and cannot be refuted. The Advertiser may notice the article in a few lines, but it will attempt no refutation or explanation. It dare not present that "deed of sale" to its readers.

We commend these facts to the right-thinking of all political parties.

Let the people remember that in voting for Zachary Taylor, they vote for a Slave-trader, whose entire interest is involved in that class of property, and who is claimed by the South as the representative of slavery—that being, in their estimation, the "PARAMOUNT ISSUE."

If, perchance, there are any democrats inclined to support MARTIN VAN BUREN, let them remember that the vote they throw for him is virtually given to Gen. Taylor, and that they thereby aid in elevating a Louisiana slave-trader to the Presidency.

The democratic National Convention have, on the contrary, presented a man on whom all the sincere men of the North may unite. LEWIS CASS is of a free State—never owned a slave in his life—aborts the system—and "prays for its abolition everywhere."

READER! You have seen Gen. Taylor's position upon this great question:—now look at the CONTRAST:

"I AM NO SLAVE-HOLDER—I NEVER HAVE BEEN—I NEVER SHALL BE. I DEPRECATE ITS EXISTENCE IN PRINCIPLE, AND PRAY FOR ITS ABOLITION EVERY WHERE IF WHERE THIS CAN BE EFFECTED JUSTLY AND PEACEABLY, AND FAIRLY FOR BOTH PARTIES."—Gen. Cass.

BETTER REASONS WANTED.

Some little while before Old Zack was nominated, the Kennebec Journal said:

"The New York Express has an article on the Presidency, taking the position that General Taylor cannot be chosen President unless he is the candidate of one or the other of the existing parties; and that the whigs cannot nominate him while he retains his present neutral non-committal position relying on his battles to carry him in a laurel, without any regard to political principles. The South may vote for him without distinction of party, but he is successful, but BECAUSE HE IS A SLAVE-HOLDER, BUT THE NORTH CAN NOT VOTE FOR HIM WITHOUT BLISTER REASONS."

He was nominated with better reasons, and the Journal supports him—without better reasons—but while they were engaged in this healthful exercise, they discovered some signs of exhaustion in Old Zack, while Lewis C., having fairly got into line, showed unexpected mettle, and some even began to bet on him, though at considerable odds. Last and least, the old scone Matty, which every body supposed had been permanently put out to grass, having been run off the course in 1810, and spanned in 1811, reappeared on the ground, to the astonishment of all present! Some laughed, and some cried; while others said—Wait a bit—there's no knowing what an Ox may do."

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THE PRESIDENCY.

"The Presidential race is an amusing one,

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Whig must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, SEPT. 26, 1848.

Democratic Republican Nominations.



ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 7.

FOR PRESIDENT.  
GEN. LEWIS CASS,  
OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,  
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS.

HUGH J. ANDERSON, of *Bethel*,  
RUFUS MCINTIRE, of *Parsonsfield*,  
EDWARD L. OSGOOD, of *Weymouth*,  
THOMAS D. ROBINSON, of *Bethel*,  
OLIVER L. SANHORN, of *Portsmouth*,  
ANDREW MASTERS, of *Hallowell*,  
ASA CLARK, of *Norridgewock*,  
DAVID R. STRAW, of *Graceland*,  
ARNO WISWELL, of *Ellsworth*.

THE DEMOCRATS.

It is well known to need repeating, that Gen. Z. Taylor is one of the greatest slave owners in the United States, extensively engaged in the slave traffic, and in the purchase of slave territory, upon which to introduce slave labor, and of course, judging from his acts,—the only means we have of judging,—he is exceedingly favorable to the extension of slavery, and opposed to the free soil party.

Can democrats, then, or free soilers, honestly oppose to the extension of slavery, consistently and by their votes, in the election of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency? No. Then they will not vote for Van Buren, for, as there is no possible chance for his election, every vote cast for him lessens the chance for Cass, and goes to give Taylor the plurality in this State; thus defeating the very object of those who would suppress slavery.

It will not be pretended by those acquainted with history of the two men, that Cass, educated as he has been, always accustomed to face soil, is not more opposed to the extension of slavery, while a leader of the democratic party, the "southern" leader must have got tremendously *swelled* himself. And if he undertook to make the people believe that Gen. Cass is "pledged to veto the Wilmot Proviso," we do not wonder that the said democrat thought the said John had a little too great a development of animal (lying) propensities.

John, it seems, made it appear that Gen. Taylor was "providing" in favor of slavery, and that the South considered him "with *them*, *and for them*." This is true. Every speaker, however, recollects, it is necessary to tell some truth. Now, can it be, that true free soil democrats, under such circumstances, vote for Van Buren, who at the most can get only New York, and thus aid in electing Taylor to the Presidency? We shall see.

Well, if in that "review," John gave a true representation of the course pursued by his "dad," the great northern dove, in relation to slavery, while a leader of the democratic party, the "southern" leader must have got tremendously *swelled* himself. And if he undertook to make the people believe that Gen. Cass is "pledged to veto the Wilmot Proviso," we do not wonder that the said democrat thought the said John had a little too great a development of animal (lying) propensities.

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IN A HAWAII. The late Federal State

Convention of Connecticut adopted the following patriotic resolution:

"Resolved, That in the dark, and troubled night

that is upon us, we see no other star above the

horizon to guide us, but the united, intelligent

and patriotic whig party of the United States;

and that *since existing*, *NEVER MORE ACUTE*

*THE POSITION OF SAVING ALL, NEVER MORE ACUTE*

*THAN NOW*, we appeal to our whigs through

out the States, for the united, intelligent and patriotic

effort of all political parties, to the great

cause of our country, and to the cause of our

country's independence."

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correspondence, writing, gives a  
mania rating  
as recently  
American of the  
whole, with one  
and whites  
engaged every other  
thing. Merchants  
and sailors and  
so on.

by wash-  
flattened  
to have  
a sin-  
sues in  
dollar  
writer in  
sides next  
altars worth  
which weight  
in feed pigs  
dollars—  
with holes on

NEW MATERIAL FOR BUILDING. An iron  
jail has been manufactured in Pittsburgh for the  
town of Eddyville, in Kentucky, and sent to its  
destination by a steamboat. It has been recom-  
mended to build iron houses in Pittsburgh to  
replace those destroyed by the fire in that place.

The French fleet has been withdrawn from  
coast of Africa, with orders not to meddle any  
more with the slave question.

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF  
OF TIME.

Delay is dangerous—neglect that cold and  
eager a few weeks and the hope of recovery will  
be lost to you forever. Let not any pecuniary  
consideration deter you from trying to save your  
life and health, while this is a disease. Con-  
sumption is amply sweeping off thousands  
in the family; no disease has baffled the skill of physi-  
cians like it; no physician, perhaps, has ever  
done more for this large class of suffering hu-  
manity, than Dr. Wistar. An ounce of pre-  
ventive is worth a pound of cure\* therefore  
before your lungs become ulcerated, and so  
eased that no human means can save you from  
an early grave, try at once a medicine  
which has been of infinite to thousands—  
obtain a bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild  
Cherry, take it, get another if necessary, per-  
severe in using it until you have rung the  
disease entirely, which if neglected will termin-  
ate your life. Not deceived by quacks with  
their imitations and counterfeits; buy none but  
the genuine and original, which is signed and  
BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and  
Agent, South Paris; and by Druggists and  
Agents generally.

The following is a recommendation from Pal-  
mouth.

To Mr. P. Brown, Cleric, Boston.

I enclose this day with this a affidavit with a  
verbal history of my life, and that they may  
be of service to you. I have been using various  
medicines recommended by your agents with  
little or no benefit, and have been led by the  
advice of Mr. Edward M. Averill, of Boston,  
Sarsaparilla and Tomato Balsam, which are now  
in better health than she has ever had for the  
last fifteen years; and I would heartily rec-  
ommend to all and every one who is afflicted  
with any of the complaints which this medicine  
is recommended for, to use it in preference to  
any article now in use.

Yours truly,  
J. B. LEACH.

Edinburgh, May 29, 1841.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and  
Agent, South Paris; and by Druggists and  
Agents generally.

BRIGHTON MARKET,  
(REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL)

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.

At market during the week, 1000 Bushels, 675  
Stonewall, 1000 Bushels, and 1000 Bushels  
Prize-Buckwheat, for which \$42.25—first  
quality \$7.75 to \$8.00 per bushel, & 2 years  
old \$4.50 to \$5.00.

Stones—Yardings \$7.25 to \$8.00 per bushel, 2 years  
old \$4.50 to \$5.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Old Sheep \$1.25, \$2, \$2.50  
Lambs, \$1 to \$2. Old Sheep \$1.25, \$2, \$2.50  
Sheep—At wholesale \$4 to \$5.50 cents—let these  
to \$4.50 cents.

MARRIAGES.

In Waterford, by Rev. Mr. Douglas, Mr.  
Ashbel Allen to Miss Maria Hor.

DEATHS.

In Fryeburg 14th inst., Caroline Elizabeth,  
youngest child of Gov. Davis, aged 14 months.  
In Birr, Peter A. Kindall, aged 21.

In Waterford, Thomas Kilborn, aged 26.

In Windham, Samuel Wood, Esq., aged 83.

old farmer  
able to  
a merchant  
a lift in  
driving the  
and get  
the old man  
fortunately  
man gained  
the emerged  
and neck,  
old man  
then shak-  
your ap-  
stared crit-  
a purpose.

though com-  
has been  
the re-  
to make a  
driving ever-  
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the day  
knob,  
threw it to  
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## PIONEER.

**THE AXE OF THE SETTLER.**  
Thou conqueror of the wilderness,  
With keen and bloodless edge,  
Hail! to the sturdy artisan  
Who wielded thee, wedge!

Though the warrior deem the weapon  
Fashioned only for the slave,  
Yet the settler knows thee mightier  
Than the tried Damascus blade.

While desolation marketh

The course of foeman's brand,

Thy strong blow scatters plenty

And gladness through the land,

Then openest the soil to culture,

To the sunlight and the dew;

And the village spire thou plantest,

Where of old the forest grew.

When the broad sea rolled between them  
And their own far native land,  
Thou went the faithful ally  
Of the hardy pilgrim band,

They bore no warlike eagles,

No banners swept the sky,

Nor the clarion, like a tempest,

Swelled in fearful notes on high.

But the ringing wild re-echoed

The bold resistless stroke,

Where, like incense on the morning,

Went up the cabin smoke.

The tall oaks bowed before thee

Like reeds before the blast;

And the earth put forth in gladness,

Where the axe in triumph passed.

Then hail! thou noble conqueror!

That when tyranny oppres'd,

Hewed for our fathers from the wild,

A land wherein to rest.

Hail, to the power that giveth

The bounty of the soil,

And freedom, and an honored name,

To the hardy sons of toil.

What can be more exquisitely turned than the following? It is, truly, a delicious bit:

**THE STING.**

"It was a little treacherous thing,

To steep upon me when asleep,

And bury in my lips a sting;

So very deep!

Cast thou not sin, devise some way,

Some gentle way, a soothing art,

To draw the sting, the pain stay,

And ease the smart?"

"Ah! try it quickly," she cried;

"But, first, take it not amiss."

My lips to hers I close applied,

And stole a kiss.

"I feel the gentle, soothing art!"

She sighed and said—"the pains stay,

The sting is drawn, and gone the smart—

Quite gone away!"

"Nay, say not so—the kiss I steal,

It steals the sting, my love from thee,

But, oh! 'tis only gone, I feel,

From thee to me!"

**INCORPORATION.**

**THE EARTH.**

The earth is the great reservoir

of electricity, from which the atmosphere

and clouds receive their power of this fluid.

It is during the process of evaporation that it is

principally excited, and silently carried to

the regions above and also during the condensa-

tion of this same vapor the grand and terrible

phenomena of thunder and lightning are mani-

fested to our senses.

In order to form a correct estimate of the

immense power of this agent in the production of

electricity, we must bring to our view the quan-

tity of water evaporated from the surface of the

earth, and the amount of electricity that

may be developed from a single grain of this liq-

uid. According to the calculation of Cavalli,

about five thousand two hundred and eighty

millions tons of water are probably evaporated

from the Mediterranean sea, in a single sum-

mer's day.

To obtain some idea of the vast volume

of water thus daily taken up by the chisel

heavens, let us compare it with something rea-

dly more apparent than this invisible process.

President Dwight and Professor Day have

both estimated the quantity of water precipitated

over the falls of Niagara, at more than ele-

ven millions of tons per hour.

Yet all the water passing over the cataract in twenty days would

amount only to that descending from the Medi-

terranean in one day.

More recent estimates make the mean evap-

oration from the whole earth as equal to a cal-

ibre of thirty-five inches from every inch of its

surface in a year which gives ninety-four thou-

sand four hundred and fifty cubic miles as the

quantity annually circulating through the atmos-

phere. Thus we see the magnificent scale on

which the great machine works.

Dr. Faraday has shown that a single drop of

water contains as much electricity as an ordinary

flash of lightning—enough at least to take the

life of an elephant. Thus the little dew drop,

from which the poet has derived such sweet im-

ages, may suggest to us ideas of a more sublime

nature.

**WIVES AND CARPETS.**

The Chicago Journal thus learnedly philosophizes on these interesting themes. There is a

large streak of sense in the reflections:

"In the selection of a carpet, you should al-

ways prefer one with small figures, for the two

ways of which the fabric consists are always

more closely interwoven than the carpet, in

where large figures are wrought.

There is a good deal of true philosophy in this that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets.

A man commits a sad mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the great green carpet of life, in other words, makes much display. The attractions fade out—the web of life becomes worn and weak, and all the gay figures that seemed so charming at first, disappear like summer flowers in autumn.

Many a man has made fine fancy wifey of himself, by striving to weave too large a figure, and himself worn out, used up, and like an old carpet hanging on the fence, before he has lived out his half allotted days of usefulness.

Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, by the dust of indecency; like that same carpet, he needs shaking and whipping; he needs activity—something to think of—something to do.

Look out, then, for the large figures; and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consummation to the cellar, who had professed this bit of carpet philosophy, would to day be firm and bright as Brussels fresh from the loom, in everybody examining—it is wonderful how they do wear."

**DEFINITION OF NOTHING.** At the Donnegal assizes, the following humorous cross examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in the court:

"Mr. Doherty, what business do you follow?"

"I am a school-master."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions." (Laughter.)

"Are you a great favorite with your pupils?"

"Ay, truth am I, a much greater favorite than you are with the public."

"Where were you, sir, this night?"

"This night?" said the witness, there is a learned man for you—this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night?" Here the witness looked at the judge and winked his eye, as if in triumph.

"I suppose the schoolmaster was abroad that night doing nothing?" inquired the attorney.

"Define nothing," said the witness.

Mr. Doherty did not comply.

"Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it—it is a foolish sticking at a leg." (Rears of laughter in which the judge joined.)

"You may go down, sir."

"Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me, but it's my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."

"Ah! try it quickly," she cried;

"But, first, take it not amiss."

My lips to hers I close applied,

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"I feel the gentle, soothing art!"

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